

## Short Poetic Dream 20210110235050969370

Texts Used: The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner by Samuel Coleridge

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul. A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ! I woke, and we were sailing on As in gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high; The dead men stood together.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came. Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprise: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came. A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ!

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Is this my own country!

It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

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And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird  
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A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow.

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul. It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

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Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ!

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

I woke, and we were sailing on As in gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high; The dead men stood together. The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

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A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ!

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are,

How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

Is this my own country!

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

Is this my own country!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprise: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

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She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

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The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

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It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!  
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And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul. And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow.

It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

Is this my own country! Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

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It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! I woke, and we were sailing on As in gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high; The dead men stood together.

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She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the  
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Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprise: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. I woke, and we were sailing on As in gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high; The dead men stood together.

It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul. She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul. Is this my own country!

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And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow.

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And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Is this my own country! The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do: They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-- We were a ghastly crew.

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A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-- Oh, Christ!

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